THE JOURNAL

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair followed by threatening weather and possible showers in the evening; warmer.

The Tombs-made gown was not possible before the advent of Tamsen.

Chicago is again in an annexing mood, but there is very little annexing material in sight.

Police Commissioner Parker seems to forget that there is such a thnig as resignation by invitation.

Mr. Debs will not be a Presidential candidate. He is undoubtedly afraid of the deadly cucumber campaign canard.

How the mighty Quay has fallen. From a Presidential candidate he has degenerated into a Grosvernorian figure understudy.

The returns continue to show that there are a great many Democrats who prefer a free silver funeral to third term obsequies.

The point is made that Warner Miller did not begin to chastise Platt until after the McKinley movement had gotten him securely tied.

Mr. Bean, the new Chief Justice of Oregon, is a native of Boston. He went West when quite young and has succeeded in growing up into a high judicial office.

The Metropolitan Traction Company officials declare that only nervous people complain of their death dealing curves. The nerves of these officials continue to be very firm.

Hon. Abe Gruber's Anti-Civil Service Reform Association is now organized and prepared to do business. Great trees from little acorns grow, and Hon. Abe's growing space is unlimited.

The bicycle business is threatened with over-production. Such a result would be hard on the producers of wheels, but would be welcomed by the people who use them and who have been paying unreasonable prices for them.

Senator Morgan wants Congress to share in the work of bringing about a state of justice and civilization in Cuba. The desire is a laudable one, but the general public will be satisfied if Mr. Cleveland goes right ahead and monopolizes the job.

After riding over the railroads which owe the Government vast sums of money, whose payment they are seeking to avoid, Secretary Morton returns to Washington singing the praises of Huntington. To say the least, it is not an inspiring exhibition for a Cabinet official.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE BOY.

If the story of young Joseph Marone, the alleged witness of the murder of Mamie Cunningham, be true, it illustrates in a curious way the nature of that singularly constructed animal, the boy. According to his own account, Marone, who was delivering ice, looked into the Cunningham flat and saw a man in the very act of strangling a girl. He dropped his ice and ran away. When he found that he was not followed, he thought he would go back and save his ice—apparently it did not occur to him that it would be worth while to try to save the girl. He got the ice and went home, where he talked about what he had seen, and in the course of two or three days his story filtered around to the police.

If Marone had hunted a policeman, or even yelled "Murder!" instead of sneaking silently back to get his ice, and then going home without raising an alarm, Mamie Cunningham's life might have been saved. But in doing what he says he did he acted in a manner eminently boylike. The only surprising thing is that the peculiar characteristics of the creature should persist to such an age. Marone is fifteen years old—almost a young man. Something different might have been expected from him, but in a boy of ten or twelve his alleged conduct would have been entirely natural. Repeatedly we hear of the death of one of these young barbarians all at play through the unreasoning and selfish terror of his companions. He is seized with a cramp while swimming, or falls off a pier into the water, and instead of trying to help him out or calling somebody else the others run away and keep their secret locked in their own breasts until the discovery of the body of the missing boy leads to their cross-examination some days later. That has happened so often that it seems to be the result of some essential quality of boy nature. And it has happened, too, that children have fallen into fires and have been allowed to be cremated while their comrades have fled and made no sign.

But Marone is old enough to have outgrown that sort of thing. A twelve-year-old lad who had done what he says he did would have been excused as one of a mysterious species of animals, acting after its kind; a fifteen-year-old youth who does the same thing proves himself individually contemptible.

A STUDY OF IMMIGRATION.

Dr. Joseph H. Senner, United States Commissioner of Immigration, has contributed to the current North American Review a reassuring article upon the influx of Italians. Dr. Senner sees no danger to our national welfare in the increase of this particular element of our population. He holds that the children of Italian parents become thoroughly Americanized generally in the second generation, and always in the third, and he has discovered the curious and interesting fact that of 94,700 Italians who landed at New York between July 1, 1893, and December 31, 1895, 21,692 were former residents of the country, returning after temporary absences, and 33,625 others came to join members of their immediate families who were already here. Thus only 39,383, or about 32 per cent of the whole, were entirely new immigrants.

Dr. Senner believes that the evil of indiscriminate immigration, from which the country was suffering so severely a few years ago, has been entirely cured by the act of 1893, and its strict enforcement. This view appears to us entirely too optimistic. Among the swarms of ignorant Slavs and Huns that have entered the country since that time there have certainly been some undesirable immigrants. Dr. Senner admits that an educational qualification would be a good thing, and he is ill-advised in belittling the general desire of the American people for a more thorough sifting of the raw material of citizenship. But it is gratifying to see such a good case made out for Italian immigrants, who now constitute an element of our population that must be permanently reckoned with, for better or worse. It will assuredly be for better if we are careful about the kind of immigrants we admit.

A QUESTION OF ART.

The Executive Committee of the National Sculpture Society is going to make trouble for the Monument Committee of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee for the snub it administered to a jury of eminent sculptors invited to pass upon designs submitted for a statue of General Sherman. The eminent sculptors examined the designs, picked out the best, and the next best, and the third, and fourth, and fifth best, and then arranged for a supplemental competition between the two leaders. At this point they were surprised to learn that the committee of the military society had calmly ignored them and awarded the contract for the statue to a heaven-sent genius named Smith, whose work had not appeared to the experts even to call for mention. The fact that the committee apparently had no legal right to award a contract to anybody merely added zest to its action.

The sculptors are justly indignant, but, rightly considered, they have much to feel grateful for. It is a notable sign of progress that their advice was asked at all, even if it was not accepted. A few years ago any public or semi-public body having occasion to order a statue would have given the job either to the man with the strongest political or financial pull, or to the lowest bidder by the cubic foot. The fact that on this occasion the National Sculpture Society was asked, even as a mere formality, to supervise the competition marks a distinct advance. The American people are beginning to take some interest in art. There are many citizens—some of them even in politics—who can tell one of Michael Angelo's statues from a wooden Indian without a catalogue, and in time the people who know good work when they see it will be able to exert some influence upon the expenditure of public money.

A FOREIGN ESTIMATE.

The Pall Mall Gazette contains a carefully worked out comparison of the strength of the fleets of Spain and the United States, which deserves the careful attention of the excitable orators in the Spanish Cortes and the bellicose writers for the Madrid press. Our London contemporary cannot be considered prejudiced in favor of America, and its analysis of the navy lists of the two countries is carried out on purely professional principles.

The Pall Mall Gazette thinks that as between Spain and the United States "there can be no doubt whatever as to which has the stronger fleet." It mentions the losses of the Spanish cruisers Reina Regente, Barcaistegni and Cristobal Colon from "natural causes," or perhaps it would be more correct to say from bad seamanship, and then points out that of the eleven armored vessels that figure on the roll of the Spanish fleet only one is a modern battle ship, and that was launched nine years ago, is not protected like modern American and English battle ships, and "could not stand much punishment." There are three large armored cruisers built and four more under construction, but in unarmored cruisers "the Spanish fleet is exceedingly weak." Its greatest advantage, as compared with ours, is in torpedo craft, and it also has twice as many men in service as we have. But there are no dry docks for the Spanish squadron in the West Indies, and "in the event of war it would be very difficult to keep it in good order with docks and dockyards thousands of miles away."

On the other hand, the Gazette finds that the United States navy is "both stronger in itself and stronger in virtue of its geographical position." It is "composed of the most modern and powerful vessels, having been for all practical purposes the growth of the last ten years." It is "well provided with battle ships and cruisers, but if there is a weakness it lies in the direction of torpedo craft." The London critic thinks that "the two big American battle ships Massachusetts and Indiana would be of themselves a match for the whole Spanish fleet." The New York is considered to be "more than a match for any one of the three Spanish armored cruisers," and the Brooklyn is "a great improvement upon the New York." The ram Katahdin does not strike the Gazette very favorably, but it thinks that "in unarmored cruisers the American navy is exceedingly strong."

There are some slight inaccuracies in the Pall Mall Gazette's review, such as the description of the Concord and Bennington as "torpedo cruisers," but on the whole it shows an intelligent understanding of the subject. The editor of our fiery contemporary the Correspondencia Militar could do worse than to cut the article out and paste it in his hat to cool his fevered brain.

Thomas Carlyle had the impression that speech was silvern and silence was golden, but President Cleveland has taught John G. Carlisle that silence on the third term question may have silvern effects.

The Oregon election returns illustrate the remarkable looseness with which party ties are sitting on the people this year. The Populists appear to have elected both members of Congress, but they have only three members of the State Senate, against twenty-six Republicans and one Democrat, and nine members of the House, to thirty-one Republicans, five Democrats, three "bimetallists" and ten doubtful. Evidently there was a tremendous amount of scratching done, and personal feelings had as much to do with the result as partisan principles. It is likely that the Populist victory in the First Congressional District was due to the resentment of the friends of Binger Hermann, the greatest fisher in the public improvement pork barrel that ever came down the Northwestern pike, who was refused a renomination on account of his free silver proclivities.

It has been admitted from the start that the trial of Mrs. Fleming for the murder of her mother is a remarkable one, but now the Recorder and the counsel on both sides claim that it is the most extraordinary in some of its bearings of any trial that ever took place. "Your Honor," shouts Assistant District-Attorney McIntyre, "his face pale with passion," "this is the boldest attempt to sandbag a witness that I ever saw." "Your Honor," says Mr. Brooke, "that is the most indecent remark I ever heard in all my experience at the bar." A moment later, when the Court orders the prisoner's lawyer to take his seat, that gentleman declares: "Never in all my experience at the bar have I had such language directed toward me by any court." The Recorder asserts that in all his experience he has never seen such contumacious counsel. Outside observers declare that in all their experience they never heard of a murder trial conducted with so little regard for order and decency on the part of all directly concerned, with the possible exception of the prisoner.

There seems to be no good and sufficient reason why the Summer dwellers in Long Branch should not enjoy the same railroad facilities as other suburban residents. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the Central Railroad of New Jersey are supposed to be as well equipped as the railroads that carry the business men of New York and their families to the towns and villages in Westchester County, Long Island and all other points within sleeping distance of this city. It does not seem reasonable that the man who is spending his Summer in Long Branch should be compelled to take a train for his home in the early part of the evening or else remain in town all night, when business or pleasure prevents his leaving before dark, unless he is willing to take an "accommodation" train—so called because it accommodates no one but the persons who use it least frequently—that stops at every cross road between the Hudson River and his destination, and brings him home in the small hours of the morning. The long-distance suburbs of New York, situated anywhere else within the 100-mile radius, are accessible by fast trains at all hours of the evening, and it rests with the residents of Long Branch to force the Central of New Jersey and the Pennsylvania to accord them the same privileges.

Alan Dale Describes Mrs. Patrick Campbell.

[*By Cable from London.*]

London, June 3.—After having inspected the various Magdas of Modjeska, Sarah and Eleonora Duse, I registered a vow that I would erase Sudermann's entertaining, but irritatingly pointless play from my memory. Yet to-night I was lured to the Lyceum to see yet another Magda, as presented by London's pet, otherwise Mrs. Patrick Campbell. The play had been faithfully translated from the original by Louis M. Parker, so faithfully, in fact, that Mr. Parker permitted Aunt Franziska to call her niece a toad. The parental titles which Mr. Parker declined to call "mamma" and "papa" were gracefully translated into "mommer" and "popper."

Mrs. Campbell made her first entrance after the tedious first act in a blaze of diamantine glory. Duse's simplicity of black and white was not copied, and Sarah's regal attire was surpassed. Mrs. Pat took the centre of the stage instantly, as though she were perfectly convinced that it could belong to nobody else, and she kept it throughout. There was not a moment in the entire performance when it was not evident that the play was not "Magda," but the winsome Mrs. Campbell. Winsome and fascinating she certainly was. Her Magda was a delicate high-bred Park Lane sort of a lady, made for afternoon teas and drives in the park, and society dinners. She was the acme of drawing-room refinement, without a background. She might have been the heroine of one of Phillips's flippant novels, rather than the psychological figure of Sudermann's imagination. Her Magda was utterly superficial, prettily pettish and fragrantly ingenious. Mrs. Campbell completely missed the cerebral quality of the role. She was a gaudily attired doll, who had gone wrong because she chose to go wrong, and who supercilliously declined to hold herself accountable to her most annoying parents. Magda, as Mrs. Campbell showed her, was in fact the fallacy we call a lady rather than the being we designate a woman. I admired the charm of her manner, but I could not indorse her histrionic talent, in this role at any rate. I can imagine her in parts that would fit her admirably and in which she would be adorable. A psychological role, however, is not for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. She never approaches even the hazy borders of what we call greatness.

Forbes Robertson was Hefferdingk, the pastor. He was shaky in his lines occasionally, but that is a pleasant little way he has and you grow accustomed to it as eels grow accustomed to being skinned.

Miss Alice Mansfield did fairly well with the part of the humorous aunt, so admirably played by Mme. Patry in Bernhardt's company. The old Popper was interpreted by James Fernandez, who made a common or garden melodrama father of the part. "Magda is no child of mine," he cried, so pompously that I began to believe I was at the People's Theatre on the Bowery. Scott Buist was the Dr. Von Keller and Sarah Brooke the little sister, whom she dressed like a fright.

The management was apparently afraid of the people's reception of "Magda," for a most voluminous claque was stationed there. Perhaps it was just as well. "Magda" is not a play with which to experiment. It can be endured when a luminous genius undertakes to give it interpretation. Mrs. Pat Campbell is not a genius. She is a delightful woman, upon whom the popularity of a metropolis has been most unexpectedly thrust.

ALAN DALE.

Wales Right In It.

The Prince of Wales is now on top. His big red letter day
Smiled on him when his gallant steed, Persimmon led the way,
And finished for the Derby first, and won the handsome pile,
Which must have caused the jolly Prince to caper and to smile.
Oh, lucky Prince, to win the race and many a golden bet,
Just one day after you had got in Waldorf Astor's set!

The heavens all were full of clouds, as black as blackest night,
Before Persimmon started on his record-breaking flight.
The Prince was brighter than the day to see his horse fly round
On Epsom Downs, with many a long and acrobatic bound.
But when he smiled, it was because he knew not fume or fret.
He smiled to realize he was in Waldorf Astor's set.

St. Frusquin didn't have a chance, and Earwig might as well
Have lingered in his little stall, the simple truth to tell.
The others, running in a bunch, and running like the wind,
Saw swift Persimmon, and they all felt very far behind.
And then Persimmon said, while out himself he gayly let,
"Hurrah, the Prince at last has got in Waldorf Astor's set!"

Ne'er can the glory of the race fade out of his torce;
Ne'er can Persimmon's prestige wane across the roaring sea;
Ne'er can the Prince forget the time when age his lifetime crowns,
The time he won two victories—the one at Epsom Downs,
The other, and the greater one, he likewise can't forget—
The victory of getting into Waldorf Astor's set.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

POLITICAL PERSONALS.

If the young lady who smiled upon the stout, middle-aged gentleman in the Presidential street car on November 1, 1892, will send him her present address she will confer an everlasting favor upon her most ardent admirer. Intentions strictly honorable. Telegraph or send by special delivery. Address Grover, White House.

A quiet and respectable widow lady, with an irreproachable character and large and influential circle of political friends, having had great difficulty in keeping silent a gentleman friend of brilliant Presidential prospects, wishes to form the acquaintance of a rich and accomplished burglar or bank-burster, who has had great experience in gagging and garrotting. Communications strictly private. No agents answered. Address Hanna.

Am a young man of massive intellect and imperturbable indifference to all interrogations of newspapers and the general public, who, having made a complete failure of my own private business enterprises, feel that I am fully competent to conduct the business of this or any other old nation. Have absolutely no pledges or fixed views upon any subject, and can furnish the most satisfactory references as to my ability to keep a secret. Would like to form the acquaintance of a majority of the American nation. Object matrimony. Exchange of photos and references expected. Address William McK., general delivery, Canton, O.

If the parties who stole from my headquarters during the early part of this month a large oblong package marked "Convention Delegates; valuable," will return same to me on or before the 12th day of June, they will be handsomely rewarded and no questions asked. Address Thomas Platt, Fifth Avenue Hotel.

A New York Republican gentleman, rich, handsome, very intellectual, with fine Gubernatorial outlook, wishes the acquaintance of a Kings County politician of about the same specifications and somewhat similar prospects. Must be musical, willing to play second fiddle, and must be filled at all times with the deadliest antipathy for any person or persons hailing from Tioga County. Address [illegible], M. [illegible] son [illegible] dress.

The Departure of an Ocean Liner.

With a comfortable sized letter of credit in one's pocket, a first-class ticket purchased and all the preliminaries settled, it seems the most simple and natural thing in all the world to go abroad. The fortunate voyager thus equipped wonders why it is that any one should hesitate about so small a matter.

Which is all very true, if—but, alas! considerations sometimes do come in, that will not permit the average man to "flee beyond the seas." He may get as far as the wharf, if he choose, wave a good-by to those more fortunate souls bound eastward to an older civilization, to lands rich in associations, memories and traditions, revelations to the intelligent traveller, a joy and a delight to those who start capable of the proper appreciation of all that may be seen.

One of the most interesting sights New York has to offer in these early Summer days is the departure of a great ocean liner. Those who have not witnessed the crowds, the excitement, the necessary bustle and drive of such an occasion, have missed an entertaining episode.

The morning of the sailing presents as lively a picture of human activity as could well be imagined. At first sight, everything appears to be in a state of chaos; men seem to fall over each other and to accomplish absolutely nothing. A close examination, however, discloses the fact that each man is at his own particular duty, overseen by competent inspectors or bosses, and if he falters at his work he is quickly brought to a realization of his shortcoming in language by no means veiled, but, on the contrary, very much to the point. Stevedores, sailors, stewards, truckmen, longshoremen, go about their various jobs with an experience born of much practice, assisted by carefully selected oaths, drawn from a large vocabulary, thoroughly efficacious for such occasions.

Of course, there are many things that must of necessity be put aboard at the last moment. The meat, in order that it may be of the freshest; likewise the ice, vegetables, cream, and of course the trunks, to say nothing of the passengers, and, last of all, the mails. The steady whirl of the donkey engines keeps up a constant racket; the hoarse cries of the boatswain giving orders to the men below, who are stowing trunks and belated cargo, add to the noises, while energetic policemen are kept busy directing trucks and cabs and making a gangway for the passage of vehicles and pedestrians. Leaving with tides, to insure a safe passage across the bar, the departure admits of no delay, so that 10 o'clock means absolutely 10 o'clock, and woe betide the procrastinator, who arrives but a few moments after that time.

An hour or two before sailing, the dock begins to fill up with passengers; a string of cabs and carriages adds to the confusion, while expressmen race down with every sort of trunk that the ingenuity of man has ever invented. If the steamer belongs to a fashionable line, flowers now begin to arrive, messenger boys laden down with elaborate and expensive offerings making attractive spots of color. The people themselves are a study. There are such a number who, according to all one's preconceived notions, have no right to be going abroad. The humble spectator doomed to stay at home sees so many to whom he is absolutely certain Europe will be a sealed book. Vulgar, ostentatious, pretentious women swarm; deadly, common, ordinary men swagger about, talking loudly to stewards, making themselves offensively conspicuous, while mingling with the crowd the nattily uniformed ship's officers quietly look after servants of the boat, directing them here and there, and generally keep a weather eye open. The surgeon, fresh of linen, spotless as to dress and well groomed, greets a friend or takes note of attractive women passengers as they file up the gangplank.

Meanwhile on board ship the bar is run at full speed, with all the valves thrown wide open. The gentleman travelling in notions and silks is entertaining a choice lot of business friends in his cabin, and though it is a trifle early for the consumption of Mrs. Cliquot's vintage, or Mr. Mumm's graperies, everything goes in the social circle of which he is a shining light. The happy Thespian whose season has permitted his flight to London is surrounded by an admiring set, who "me boy" him with great gusto and heartiness, while the more exclusive members of the Knickerbocker and Calumet Clubs, faultless in attire, short of speech but long of smiles, either crowd about some prominent belle and offer homage or brace up with some friend who is bound to that haven of swelldom, London. In the cabins, women of uncertain age and others about whose age there is no uncertainty whatsoever cluster in forlorn groups or struggle hopelessly with children and maids; everywhere trunks and handbags.

Now the side rail is crowded by a smiling throng of women with a few men; frantic efforts are made, utterly unsuccessful, of course, to talk with friends on the dock. The burden of the song thus shrieked over the heads of the people seems to be, "Well, you'll write, won't you?" Everywhere, about now, prosperous looking Hebrews seem to throng. Further aft, the second cabin passengers, largely foreigners, are very demonstrative, the women weeping and the men kissing each other with great effusiveness. Now a hysterical female passenger bustles about in great tribulation, because of a missing trunk, but the steward reassuring her, she subsides and is dragged aboard by excited relatives. Presently a bell rings, the first warning for visitors to go ashore. Late arrivals dash up in cabs, the horses panting, the drivers excited. The crowd on shore moves toward the end of the pier. A frantic waving of hands and handkerchiefs is begun, serving no special purpose and only occasionally seen by those to whom it is directed; then a second bell is tolled. "All ashore; last call." The visitors swarm off. Pulleys are fastened to the gang planks. "Everybody stand by," calls the petty officers. "Ready!"—at this moment the usual last man is seen, being driven down the wharf, the horse all foam. Two policemen yank him out; two sailors grab his trunk and he is rushed up to the already detached passage way. The officer on the bridge now gives his final order to "cast off." The engine bell is rung and slowly the great vessel glides out into the stream. Farewell trouble and worry for a week; no letters, telegrams, politics or daily papers; welcome fresh, bracing air and deep blue sea with limitless horizon; or, awful thought, the sickness of the ocean for seven days!

More good byes which no one hears; more hand and handkerchief waving, which no one can distinguish, and the boat fades away in the distance, mingling with the other craft in the river. Back again everybody on the dock, to bad smelling, wretchedly paved West street, settle down to counting rooms, offices and houses and toddle along in the old rut. Europe is not for this Summer.

ARTHUR HOEBER.

Some True Tales from the Tombs.

These tales come from the Tombs. They were first told while the morning of yesterday was yet young. Told while the sons and daughters of misery waited for their coffee and bread crusts and the age-stained corridors of their prison house were all but deserted. Best of all, each and every tale is true.

When the police brought Mame Milligan to the Tombs her white face was framed in a tangle of ink-black hair, and this world of ours was younger by a month. The night before Mame had met her "steady" on the front steps of a Forsyth street tenement house. With him was a young woman with red hair and too much color in her cheeks. Mame's "steady" kissed the red-haired woman on the mouth and Mame jabbed the business end of a knife into his left side. The other woman ran into the house and locked the door behind her. Twenty minutes later Mame was in the station house and her "steady" was bleeding and moaning at Bellevue. Next morning, when Mame asked after him, they told her that the doctors had small hopes of pulling him through. Then she knew that she was face to face with an ugly charge. But the knowledge did not feaze her. She merely expressed the hope that both her "steady" and the woman with the painted cheeks would be dead before the end of the week. Then she went to her cell, sat down on the edge of the cot and moped. The matron and her assistants gave Mame more than passing attention. She returned their favors by calling them hard names. When the "prison angel" called and handed her a bundle of tracts Mame threw them on the floor and said things to the "angel" that no newspaper would dare to print. Then it was that the matron gave up all hope of winning Mame's confidence. They left her alone.

One day Mame went out to the "consultation room" to talk with her lawyer. On the way back to the cell room she met a woman who stood in the corridor, holding a baby boy in her arms. The babe was robed in white and owned a pair of china blue eyes. When he saw Mame he put out his tiny hands to her and crowed. She came close to him and he crowed again. The hard lines in her white face faded and a strange light kindled in the depths of her matchless eyes.

"Why, Mame," said the woman who held him, "Ferdy wants to make friends with you. Wont you speak to him?"

"Give me de kid," answered Mame, reaching out her hands. "He's a bute, an' no mistake."

Then she coiled her white arms around his tiny form and bent her head. Her red lips met his, and the aftermath of that kiss brought the blush of pleasure into the woman's cheeks and made the infant crow again. She held him in her arms for an hour and talked to him in the way all women talk to attractive infants. When the other woman took him from her Mame first made the very atmosphere eloquent with profanity and then cried as though her heart would break. That night she did not sleep, but when the matron came to her in the morning she was in the very best of spirits, and there was color in her cheeks.

"Say," she said, "if I be good will yer let me see dat kid agin? He's my new mash."

An hour later Mame and her new "mash" were again together. They have been together ever since.

Two days ago Mame's "steady" was discharged from Bellevue. Yesterday he was at the Tombs with a red rose in his buttonhole and forgiveness in his heart. They "passed" him through the gates and guided him to the end of a dark passage. Then he looked through the bars of another gate and saw Mame seated in a chair that stood in front of one of the grated windows. Nestling in her lap was a baby. A slender shaft of vagrant sunlight wandered through the window, and by its light the man saw that the baby was toying with a silver chain engirdling the white throat of the woman. Her head was bent and she was laughing.

"Hully gee," he muttered, "if Mame aint gone and 'dopted a kid!"

He called her by name and she came to him.

"Mame," he said, "I was full of booze dat night, an' yer know I aint goin' ter swear yer inter de pen. Can't we square dis an' start a new deal?"

Mame turned the battery of her eyes full on his face, and mumbled something in an undertone. Then the baby caught sight of the red rose in the man's coat, and cried for it. Two minutes later by the clock Mame and her "steady" had agreed to forget the past, and the baby had the rose.

The baby is the infant son of Mrs. Mary Alice Fleming. She is now on trial, charged with the murder of her mother.

Before the toughest tough in the Fourth Ward called him all kinds of a liar, Tony McDonald lived with his mother and did odd jobs along the river front. Now Tony's home address is cell No. 52 "Murderers' Row," and his mother is broken hearted. She has been coming to the Tombs every day since his arrest, and that was twelve months ago. She came yesterday. Her hair is as white as milk, and she is over seventy years old. When she climbed the stair and returned the greeting of the keeper who has been guarding murderers for a longer time than he cares to remember, old Mrs. McDonald's face was wet with tears. But when she came close to "Tony's" cell she dried her eyes and greeted him with a smile. She put her hand between the bars of the door, and as they exchanged greetings she laughed. "Tony" had the "blues," but in five minutes she had made him forget his misery. She cracked jokes with him, talked hopefully of the future; she predicted an early trial and an acquittal; she told him all the news and gossip of the "ward." When she left him. Tony's eyes were bright, and he was satisfied things would take a change for the better.

But when the mother turned from that cell the glad light died out of her eyes and she staggered against the railing. She talked of the injustice of the law's delays and asked why he did not get his trial.

"They know he'd be out on the street," she moaned, "if they'd only give him his trial. He's been locked up for almost a year, and they wont give him a chance to clear himself. It aint right to him and it's killing me."

Then she walked away, and the keeper verified every word of her story.

"It's a shame," he said; "no jury on top of earth would convict him. It was a barroom fight and he killed the man in self-defence. But he can't get his case to trial. That old mother and his sister need him. He is their only support."

JACK TANNER.

Matthew Stanley Quay.

Quay has clambored into the ark, but Platt still insists that it isn't going to be much of a shower.—Chicago Dispatch.

It appears that Mr. Quay carried a small satchel to Canton, but whether it contained a portable perch or only a clean collar, can only be conjectured.—Detroit Tribune.

A Hard Day's Work By Mr. Sulloway.

Washington, June 3.—It is well to embalm the Hon. Cyrus Sulloway, of New Hampshire, in a few words, where, like a fly in amber, he will be perpetuated for all time. It is well to send Mr. Sulloway thundering down the aisle of coming time as illustrating the hardship and biting toil which falls to the freckled lot of a statesman of this day. Farmer folk idling about a meadow with a scythe, tanning their time-worn faces the hue of a saddle in the ruddy sun, have querulously compared their lots with those of statesmen moiling in House and Senate, and have cynically allowed that the statesmen had a soft snap. This is utter fatuity. Here the artist does a day in the house with Mr. Sulloway, who is renowned for the abandon with which he gives himself up to thought and kindred public duties which do not take him out of a chair. In the first picture Mr. Sulloway appears in his seat worn and haggard with the cares of the day before. As the hours pass you witness a great weariness creeping over him like ivy over a wall. Mr. McCreary is making a speech. Mr. Sulloway struggles to do his duty and hear too much. Little by little Mr. Sulloway gives way. His carked nature succumbs. Insensibility seizes him; his burdens are more than he can bear. At last he falls utterly. It is marvellous that men like Mr. Sulloway, who can get $2 a day in their own peaceful, happy mountain homes, will undergo these racking strains for $5,000 per year, a private secretary and "perks." The artist carries Mr. Sulloway from his 12:30 o'clock appearance in the House down to 4:30 o'clock when a sergeant-at-arms revives him and tells him the House has adjourned. Then Mr. Sulloway is beheld in the final picture as he totters away. He will sleep but ill, for the burdens of state will prey on Mr. Sulloway. So ends a specimen day in the toil-stung life of a publicist. It should be a lesson to the scoffer to scoff no longer; to the jeerer to jeer no more forever.

AT 12:30 P. M.

AT 1:30 P. M.

AT 2:30 P. M.

AT 3:30 P. M.

AT 4:30 P. M.

This is Congressman Arnold, also of Pennsylvania. What you take for an expression of pain on Mr. Arnold's face is nothing of the kind. Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, whom you see making the welkin ring in the background, is engaged in a speech on tariff. His eloquence has enthralled Mr. Arnold, and what one might take for grief in Mr. Arnold's countenance is simply that rapt look which one reads of in novels. Mr. Arnold tells one in his biography that he never held an office until he was elected to Congress. That is good as far as it goes, but Mr. Arnold should go on and explain how he came to be elected to office at all. There is the true knot to the tangle. That is the station at which general curiosity gets off.

A. H. L.

MR. ARNOLD.

Captain-General Weyler.

Weyler is mad and wants to quit, but he has been instructed to remain in Cuba and keep up his bluff. He will enjoy himself as much as the anti-McKinley delegate who is instructed for the Ohio candidate.—Washington Post.

Another threat comes from Cuba that General Weyler will resign. It cannot be true for if it is not resigned now there is no hope for it.—Chicago Tribune.